

THE LENOX ECHO.

VOL. I. LENOX, MASS., SEPTEMBER, 1883. No. 10.

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— JEWELER, —

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THE LENOX ECHO.

VOL. I. LENOX, MASS, SEPTEMBER, 1883. No. 10.

[FOR THE ECHO.]

SUBMISSION.

God's ways are not as man's, —
We oft contrive in vain,
And disappointed in our plans—
We bitterly complain.
But when the future shall reveal
The present now misunderstood,
Upon the act we'll see God's seal
And know Him wise and good.

And we shall know how sacrifice
Removed the useless dross,
And purified we shall arise
And know that gain and loss
Are terms we comprehended not,
And what we counted gain
Upon our souls had left a blot,
But loss removed the stain.

H. S. B.

[FOR THE ECHO.]

SUPERSTITION.

Superstition is something which "stands over" us, to produce fear, to awaken distrust, to make the mind the prey of portents or signs, and to minify the ruling hand of God. It is not confined to paints and feathers; to kraal or wigwam. It infects society; it infects the home; it exists in the church.

Superstition is no mythical evil; it is a real giant, and the sling-stone of the truth aimed at its forehead, ought to carry with it the death-blow of this Goliath. Before the background of barbaric usages, superstition is indistinguishable from the mass of heathen corruptions, but it is perceptible, revolting, detestable when the background is culture, education, Christianity. Dickens draws the pen-picture of Mrs. Nippers who "subscribes largely for eradicating superstitions from the minds of the wretched inhabitants of Kamtchatka and while she is calculating the advantages to be derived from a mission to the South Sea Islands, a coal pops from her fire and she at once augurs from its shape an abundance of money." But Mrs. Nippers' offence is minute, almost imperceptible,

when compared with the popular superstitions, which invade and disfigure polite society. An overturned salt-cellar, near the hand of Judas, in Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper," was the painter's expression of the bad luck impending, "standing over" the betrayer. To break a looking glass, to sit at the table with thirteen, to hear a dog howl, to have a ringing in the ears, to begin a piece of work on Friday, to see the moon over the left shoulder, to leave a pin lying, to put on the left shoe first, to put the wrong shoe on either foot, would chill the blood and blanch the cheeks of a great many who are supposed to be endowed with common sense and intelligence. Thousands of people will hesitate and fear to get out of bed on a different side from the one they got in on; will argue that there is no use in trying to resist the ill-fortune which must inevitably follow if Monday goes badly; will count the dregs in a cup of tea, and will resort to the peripatetic fortune-teller, to the clairvoyant or spiritualist. About the nones of last March, owing to the predictions of a silly and irresponsible dreamer, a great many people believed that a terrible storm was about to "sweep with the besom of destruction" over our land. Moreover, superstition pervades our religion. How many read their Bibles because they are afraid to go without daily Scriptural reading, feel "Oh! I must read my Bible or the heavens will fall," and then skip through a few verses, about which when read, they have no remote idea. How many open the Bible at random and accept the first verse the eye rests upon as the direct communication of God. How many believe when fire consumes a theatre and makes a holocaust of hundreds of play-goers that destruction is the retribution which hangs over all who go to the theater. How large a portion of our Sunday school literature has been given to inculcating the principle that the bird-nest rifler or Sabbath-breaker would come up short like Absalom. Bacon begins his essay on "Superstition," by saying: "It were better to have no opinion of

God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him ; for the one is unbelief, and the other is contumely ; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity."

We need something to purify the air of superstitions. Credulity like a dense fog has settled upon civilized peoples and Christian nations. It is easy to take the measure of that man who quotes Vennor, attributes inspired wisdom to the whine of a dog, picks up a pin for luck, or hangs a horse shoe over his door for the same purpose. All are alike silly ; foster anxiety, promote indolence, weaken trust, perpetuate nonsense, and really fasten upon weak people a yoke, which they seek to fasten upon every one else. The density of superstition is in proportion to the mass of ignorance. If we *thought*, we would not believe the superstitious notions abroad, which are so intrinsically unreasonable.—Twaddle about signs, this or that, is mere old wives' fables ; mere folk-lore ; and deserves to be crushed under the heel of common-sense. A little more brains, a more vigorous will, a better trust in an All-seeing and All-ruling Being will rid us of this evil.

R. D. M.

THE OUTER AND THE INNER WORLD.

Very bright and beautiful is the outer world, with its rich decorations, its melody of song, its sunshine, and its shadow ; beautiful, too, is the inner world, which reposes in its serene loveliness far down in the depths of our silent being. Without may be a calm and glorious sky, from whose pure cerulean the rich sunbeams come wandering down to cheer the world below ; yet calmer and more serene is the bright sky of our inner world, for it reflects all the rosy rays of the past—all the soft coloring of childhood's years—all the glorious hues that glowed upon the skies of youth.

Very sweet may be the melodies that fill the summer heavens of our outer world ; but softer, sweeter, are the tones that come swelling up from the past, and gladden that inner land, for they are made up of sweet home-voices, old fire-side melodies, loving words whose honeyed tones are all of *home*.

We may wander out beneath the skies of flowery June, and revel in her wealth of gladness, but ever and anon we turn within to the dear world of remembered pleasures, and linger there more fondly.

Ah ! it is sweet to stand amid the fragrant orchard blooms of sweet "lang syne," and *there* are *voices*, too—oh ! how they come back at times, with all their olden sweetness, till the eyes brim full with the tearful tenderness which they awaken.

And oft there come gushes of sweet *laughter* from the far-off past ; swelling up softly, sweetly, from the long vanished years, and *smiles* like gleams of sunshine come and go forever.

Give me my inner world, for there dwell all the loved, the beautiful of other days ; there are my sweetest melodies ; there bloom unchanged my fairest flowers ; and there the world's breath enters not, dimming the lovely and the pure.—*Old Mag.*

[FOR THE ECHO.]

THE LONG AGO.

The lover sings by the pebbly beach
A song of the long ago,
And wild waves echo the sad refrain
In music sweet and low.

Oh where, oh where is the bonny maid
Who kissed my cheek of snow,
Who kindled a flame in my icy heart
In the days of long ago !

Oh where, oh where, are the rosy lips
That calmed my fevered brain
With kisses sweet that fell in showers,
As falls the summer rain !

The rosy lips that throbbed with joy
Are colder than the snow,
And stilled is the heart of the bonny maid
Who kissed me long ago.

The lover sings by the sighing shore
A song of the long ago,
And the sobbing waves repeat the song
In music sweet and low.

H. S. B.

WHO ARE GENTLEMEN ?

Whatever the difficulty attending the solution of this question, of one thing we may be sure,—that there cannot be a surer proof of low origin, or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always thinking and prating of being genteel. The most vulgar of all things is pretension, for it is the sign of a low and vulgar mind. All the homeliness of the poor, the *gaucheries* and blunders of the unpolished, and even the provincialisms of the illiterate, are as the dust in the balance as regards

vulgarity, compared with the affectation that is always trying to seem fine. The one thing which distinguishes the truly great, either by birth or mental acquirements, is repose. A great man never strains and tries to make himself greater than he is, any more than a giant tries to stand upon tip-toe. Both are conscious of their own true height; and this consciousness is so true that it is found and recognized, not only in the leaders of the *ton* in Paris, but in the Hindoo and Chinese gentleman, and in the Indian of the Rocky Mountains. The true secret, the quintessence of all gentlemanhood, is a quiet, undemonstrative bearing, and a disposition to look upon others as being as worthy as one's self. There can be no greater mistake, therefore, than to suppose, as many do, that gentlemanliness is an outward thing, a matter of form and ceremony, and that its essence lies in a punctilious observance of etiquette,—in the elegant, bow, the five minutes' call, the courteous and polished speech, the graceful restoration of a fan, the quick presentation of a dropped handkerchief, and other forms of exterior behavior which may indicate a knowledge of "fashionable life," yet spring from a heart full of the intensest selfishness. True politeness is not a thing of formality and ceremony; it consists in no artificial smiles or precise carriage of the body, but in an earnest and sincere desire to promote the happiness of those with whom one comes in contact,—in a willingness to sacrifice one's own ease and comfort to the enjoyment of others.

Robert Burns showed himself a gentleman when jeweled duchesses were charmed with his ways; and so did Dr. Arnold, when the poor woman felt that he treated her like a lady; and Chalmers, when every old woman in Morningside was elated by his courteous salute.

The truth is, that the essential characteristics of a gentleman are not an outward varnish or veneer, but inward qualities, developed in the heart. They are a form, not a garment of the mind, and cannot be put on or off at will. They are the outgrowth of a noble and kindly nature, which manifests itself in spontaneous acts of courtesy and grace. Hence the absurdity of the remark we sometimes hear that a certain person "can be a gentleman when he pleases." The truth is, that he who can

be a gentleman when he pleases never pleases to be anything else. A man may simulate the outward marks of a gentleman, speaking with practiced intonation, and bowing with well studied grace, though he is vulgar to the very core; but he will lack the charm of unconsciousness which is one of nature's finest gifts, the grace that is beyond the reach of art, and will be no more a gentleman in thought and feeling than the tinselled actor who struts during his brief hour on the stage is the monarch his costume would bespeak him.

The first principle of all true politeness is deference, manly, genial, natural deference; and this can be no more acquired by studying manuals of deportment than a man can become a swimmer by reading treatises on hydrostatics, or a statesman by studying parliamentary debates. To the attainment of this end familiarity with St. John and St. Paul will conduce more than all the books of etiquette that were ever published. The latter teach only external politeness, which, as we have already said, is only the husk or shell of true politeness,—is, in fact, so far as the essence of the thing is concerned, no politeness at all, though with many it is the hinge upon which all their social conduct turns, while in mingling with others of a different temperament they freeze, as does the wintry air in nature, the kindlier feelings of the heart, and reduce everything to a smooth surface, polished but cold, like a sheet of ice. Many a man who is rough and even boorish in manners has a warm and generous heart; and many a one who is reckless of the comfort of others seeks by a scrupulous observance of etiquette and ceremony to hide his real indifference to the happiness of his fellow men. When we see a person who evinces on all occasions a delicate regard for the rights and feelings of others, however inferior in wealth dress or station; "who is slow to take offense, as being one that never gives it, and who is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it;" who betrays no anxiety to engross the best seats at the public table, in the car, or in the concert-room; who at his meals prefers to carve for others the juiciest slices, rather than for himself; who speaks as respectfully to a peasant as he would to a king, and is as prompt to offer his umbrella in a rainstorm to an old lady as to a young one; when, in short, we see a person acting always upon the golden rule or doing unto others "whatsoever he would that they should do unto him,"—then we feel that we have looked upon one who is, in all the essential elements, a gentleman. But, after all our attempts to define that whose essential quality is as subtle as the aroma of a flower, we may conclude that the highest significance of the term was reached in the reverential language of Dekker, who called the founder of Christianity "the first true gentleman that ever breathed."

MATHEWS.

The Lenox Echo.

Lenox, Mass., September, 1883.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
ECHO COMPANY,
W. ELMORE TUCKER, MANAGER.

[Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.]

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Any communications may be addressed to THE LENOX ECHO, Box 65, Lenox, Mass.

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The Hawthorne letter, published in another column, and written from this town in 1851, although concerning a trivial matter, reveals the sound sense and humor of its author as clearly as some of his public writings.

Mr. Ranger having left town, the Echo will be continued under its present management until the close of the year, until which time most of the subscriptions are paid. Those who have not paid to that time will receive notice soon to which we ask their prompt attention in order that we may close matters up satisfactorily at the end of the year.

The following is an extract from a Stockbridge letter to the N. Y. Home Journal of recent date :

"Of late years, Stockbridge has been little heard from, the more noisy tongue of its neighbor, Lenox, forcing it into silence. Then two malicious rumors, circulated with intent to draw visitors elsewhere, have almost stifled the poor place with the breath of their falseness. A healthier spot scarcely exists. Statistics show it to be the third village in Massachusetts, the first among the Berkshires, in health ; Dr. Agnew of New York, speaks highly in its favor, and other physicians as widely

known. Joseph H. Choate, Lucius Tuckerman, Mr. Ivison, of the large New York book firm ; Van Rensselaers, Livingstones, Sam Ward, the Laniers, David Dudley Field, and scores of others equally able to locate wherever fancy leads them, come to our village year after year. Well they may, if exquisite scenery, lovely drives and glorious walks are any inducements."

We can scarcely understand the correspondent when he styles Lenox as "noisy tongued," and must if we would be charitable attribute it to ignorance. For indeed the very essence of Lenox life is quiet. It is true that city journalists have of late taken pains to "write up" its beauties as it has become more of a summer resort but a noisiness either through loud boasting, false assertions, or malicious insinuations has never been a characteristic of Lenox ; and the intimation contained in the next sentence of the letter falls harmlessly far short of its mark.

Lenox has no need to stoop to "malicious rumors" to obtain summer guests, nor are her visitors attracted here by any other means than the beauty of the place and their love of it. Our people are those who come here yearly ; this is *their* summer resort. Those who first became sensible of the charms of Lenox, have brought them to the notice of their friends until Lenox has become a resort for one class of society exclusively.

As to the fact of the beauty and health of *Stockbridge*, a drive through can only confirm the correspondent's statements in regard to them, but Stockbridge has *her* guests and we have *ours*. We will make no mention of the next paragraph which contains a list of guests except to express our sympathy with Stockbridge in the fact that some among her list are obliged to alight at Lenox depot when they arrive and visit Lenox daily for their mail, &c.

Lucey's first excursion this season to New York and Coney Island, starts from Pittsfield, Saturday morning, September 8. The train passes New Lenox at 4.09, Lenox at 4.18, Lenox Furnace at 4.22, and Lee at 4.32. The price of tickets for the round trip has been placed at \$1.50, a remarkably low figure. The arrangement will give excursionists five hours in New York or three at the island.

OUR CHURCHES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

I improve the opportunity which this column in the "Echo" affords me of broaching my plan concerning catechetical classes for converts. During my pastorate here thirty-seven new members have been added to the church. Of that number thirty-one have joined on profession of their faith. It is not too much to say that a convert knocks at the doors of the church, with scarcely any knowledge of the essentials of Christian doctrine. He receives whatever creed he may possess as a sort of legacy from parental instruction, or holds it because a given number of men hold it. He feels that the positions of Christianity are impregnable, and therefore takes refuge behind them, without seeking to know *why* they are impregnable. This is the peril to converts, and it ought to be the shame of the church, that it does so little for its new members. The responsibility of a church does not cease, it *begins*, when a convert steps into her communion. He must be taught what are the "principles of the oracles of God." It is to meet this emergency that I have already proposed a system of instruction, viz: Catechetical classes for the new members. These catechetical classes will be conducted on the question and answer plan and the course of study will embrace Biblical history, biographies, and doctrines. In connection with the Bible, the Westminster shorter catechism (single copies of which may be had for five cents) will be used as an aid in outline of doctrines; and also if desirable for particular books of the Bible, some of the excellent "Hand-books for Bible classes" published by T. & T. Clark of Edinburgh. These catechetical classes will partake of the nature of the school-room, while allowing liberty for discussion and informal interchange of opinion as in our large Bible-classes in Sunday schools. It is expected that all the new members, the thirty-one aforesaid, will avail themselves of this opportunity for becoming "rooted and grounded" in the principles of the Christian religion. It cannot be announced now when the first meeting of the class will occur, or how often thereafter the class will meet, until after consultation with our Prudential committee. Possibly it may be arranged so that the class can meet once in two weeks, in the chap-

el on the night of the regular prayer-meeting in the village, the prayer-meeting holding from eight to nine, and the class from seven to eight.

Now, this is the practical outworking of the plan, which I have already submitted to the church and which has received the approval of "the elders." I do not know how it will be received by those for whom it is designed; but if received by them with favor and followed by them with fidelity, it will do away with the objection so frequently made that after a new member is received into the church, he is left to himself to get along the best way he can.

R. D. MALLARY, *pastor*.

OUR SCHOOLS.

Miss Carrie Sedwick, a graduate of High school goes to Mt. Holyoke seminary this fall.

The grading of the ground about the High School building is an improvement that has been much needed.

Miss May Porter, for several terms teacher of the Sedgwick district school will take a course at Westfield Normal school.

Mr. W. E. Ranger who has taught the High school so successfully during his stay here, has accepted the position of principal in the Lyndon Literary Institute in Vermont. The committee have secured the services of Mr. L. B. Hunt, a Bate graduate, who will enter upon his duties, Monday, September 3, when the school opens.

The district schools open Monday, Sept. 3, with these teachers: Center Primary, Miss Lizzie Barrett; Furnace Intermediate, Miss Josie Roach; Furnace Primary, Miss Agnes Bartlett; New Lenox, Miss Lois Sears; North, Miss Ella Bartlett; West, Miss Anna Crosby; South, Miss Lillie Graham; Mountain, Miss Nellie Russell; Sedgwick, Miss Hattie Parsons; East Street, Mr. Frank Bourne. The Center Intermediate will not commence until Monday, the 10th.

Lenox Academy promises to have even a more prosperous year in the coming one than last. It has been found necessary to engage a larger house for the accommodation of boarding scholars. This method by which scholars can be constantly under the care and influence of the principal, has met with much favor from its patrons. Two assistants

have been engaged. Theodore Jessup, teacher of English branches, and Frau Geibler, of French and German ; Music will be taught by Miss F. L. Hotchkin. The fall term opens Sept. 18.

ABOUT TOWN.

Arthur Sedgwick enters Amherst college at its opening.

The farmhouse of Col. R. T. Auchmuty is undergoing extensive repairs and alterations.

Mr. Henry Naylor has given to his place, recently purchased of Mr. Belden, the name of "Shiloh Lodge."

Mr. Struther's house on Walker street, and Mr. Tillotson's on Main, have been connected with the water pipes.

Commodore Ellison and wife have spent the month at Mt. Desert, and will return to Lenox later in the season.

Miss Eloise Barnum of Great Barrington, who graduated at Lenox Academy, spent some time among friends here early last month.

Thursday eve, August 10th, there was a dance in Town Hall, which was largely attended. The music was furnished by Flynn's Orchestra.

The infant son of Mr. H. H. Ballard was christened in the Congregational church, Aug. 5th, by his grand-father, Prof. Ballard, of Easton, Pa.

A children's dancing class have received lessons, Thursday afternoons, during the month, from Prof. Manuel ; they have been held in Sedgwick hall.

Samuel Bowles, for many years editor of the Springfield Republican, has spent some time as a guest of R. T. Auchmuty during the past month.

Mr. & Mrs. Harmon S. Babcock, of Providence, R. I., have been in town during the past month, visiting with their parents, Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Belden.

Edward Delafield has purchased from T. F. Graham the old "Judd" farm, which adjoins his present land, and the whole will go under the name of "Sunswick" farm.

Rev. R. J. Nevin, of Rome, Italy, who occupies the pulpit of the Episcopal church, during the absence of the Rev. Mr. Field abroad, arrived in town and entered upon his duties August 1st.

The monthly meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association was held in the chapel, Monday evening, August 6th. A fair number had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Ballard's excellent and instructive address.

Mr. W. O. Curtis, aided by Geo. W. Clark of Pittsfield, succeeded on the 25th ult. in taking out the finest string of bass yet seen from Lake Mahkeenac ; the entire string weighed 31 pounds, and six of them weighed 15 pounds.

Miss Georgie Baker, formerly of this place, has been visiting at the residence of Miss Sarah Graham for a short time during the past month. Miss B. has very many friends in town who have been rejoiced by this opportunity of again meeting her.

The town will miss the face and never disturbed manner of Patrick Morrison, who was sunstruck and killed August 20th. He was an Irishman of the old stamp, and one of the first settlers in Lenox ; honest, goodnatured and obliging, he had many friends.

Frank Barrows, a young lad, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barrows, met with a serious accident and narrow escape, a few days ago. While playing with a companion on the roof of a low building, he fell and broke his arm near the elbow and bruised himself in other places.

Mrs. Butler, an estimable, old lady, the mother of Marshall, Luther, Conelius and John Butler of this town, died at the house of the latter, August 19, at the advanced age of 84. Although an old lady she had been very smart and active until a few months prior to her death.

James Barnes of this town took second prize in the twenty mile race at the recent bicycle tournament in Pittsfield. As there were four starters, and as the winner had been under professional training, while this was Jim's first race, he may well feel proud of his success.

Robert S. Washburn, after an absence of two years has been at his home for a short time this month. He now owns a large farm in Michigan, and is doing well. On the eve before his departure for the west, a number of his friends made a surprise call upon him and spent a pleasant evening.

William Flint, who has been sick with consumption for nearly a year past, died at the house of his mother September 1st. He had been in an extremely weak state for some time past and his death was not unexpected. His funeral was held on Sunday last.

A children's fair, the proceeds of which will be donated to the Lenox Library, will be held at the residence of Dr. R. C. Greenleaf on Saturday next, between the hours of 11 and 6. The object is a worthy one and this endeavor of the children to aid in the purchase of new books deserves praise.

The money needed to repair the roads so badly damaged by the heavy rains of July, was appropriated at the special town-meeting, held August 6th. As this season has been a particularly rough one for roads, the selectmen deserve much credit for the general good condition in which they have been kept.

A sale of antique and costly Turkish rugs in Town Hall, from August 8th to the 15th, attracted very many of our people to it. The sale was conducted by two young Turks who are obtaining an education in this country and take this means to defray vacation expenses. Their sales in this town during their week's stay were quite profitable.

J. Macklean, Jr., of the Stock Breeders' Gazette, published in Chicago, recently spent a few days here, looking over the extensive and valuable herds of Jerseys, Holsteins, and Guernseys, owned in town. Dr. Greenleaf, Jr., Mr. Braem and Richard Goodman, Jr., have, by the way, recently issued pamphlets containing full lists and pedigrees of all their registered stock.

The following officers were chosen at the annual election of the "Lenox Club," August 8th: President, M. E. Rogers, Philadelphia; Vice-President, Joseph Tucker, Pittsfield; Secretary, John Winthrop, Boston; Treasurer, R. C. Greenleaf, Lenox; Board of Governors, W. R. Robeson, Boston, Thomas Post, Lenox, F. E. Kernochan, Pittsfield, H. W. Bishop, Chicago, F. Bartlett, New York.

Another industry has been added to the town in the shape of a Stone-Crusher, purchased and operated by John W. Cooney. This machine pulver-

izes the hardest stones into gravel which, heretofore, has been purchased, to some extent, in this town for private walks and roads. Mr. Cooney has already numerous orders to fill, and should it prove better than the ordinary gravel, the town may adopt its use for sidewalks and public roads.

While in Lenox a few years ago, H. Seymour Bloodgood, an artist of New York, made a sketch of the "Shepard" house, which he has since worked into an oil painting, and it is now hung in the Lenox Library room for exhibition and sale. As this was one of the first houses built in Lenox, as well as one in which the venerable Dr. Shepard for fifty years beloved pastor of the Congregational church, dwelt, this picture is very valuable to Lenox people, who would doubtless be pleased if it could hang in the Library permanently as a memoir of the past.

The Serenade band were greeted by a crowded house at their Concert given in Sedgwick hall, on the evening of the 16th ult. The members appeared in their newly purchased uniforms which are neat and tasty and made altogether a fine appearance. The programme was an elaborate and highly musical one, and was carried out with excellent taste and fine rendering. The solos were all extremely well given, and generously and deservedly applauded. Miss Lynd, of Albany, sang a song in a manner which won her a hearty encore. She responded with another that only confirmed the good opinion which the audience had already formed of her voice and talents. The whole affair was one which reflects great credit on our band, which although a comparatively young organization has already shown, individually and collectively, skill, which will soon entitle them to a first rank among bands in this section. The net receipts of the entertainment were \$125, which will make a handsome first payment on their uniforms.

Lenox, although crowded with guests, has been thus far exceedingly quiet. The reason of this has certainly not been the weather for a more delightfully cool and breezy season has seldom been known. The fact is that people coming from the city after a winter of unceasing gayety care only for rest at least for the first two months. The lawn-party at F. A. Schermerhorn's on Thursday, Aug.

30, was the first sign of an awakening. This party which was given in honor of Miss Lizzie King, whose god-father Mr. Schermerhorn is, was attended by some hundred guests many of whom were young boys and girls, playmates of the young miss, who were royally entertained by their host. Music was acceptably furnished by the Serenade band. During this week, from Sept. 3 to 10, a number of the most skillful tennis players in this country, among whom are Messrs. Sears and Gray of Boston will visit Lenox by invitation of the Lenox Club and participate in a tennis tournament on the club grounds. These two entertainments closely following each other, are doubtless but the foretaste of a continuous round of activity and excitement during the next two months, which our visitors will share more heartily for their two months rest.

The register at Curtis' hotel covers a dozen pages this month. These are the arrivals at Curtis' hotel: From New York—Mrs. W. H. Fearing and family, Mrs. E. P. DeMott, W. T. Hall, Henry Arnigh, Mrs. John Bloodgood and sons, Mrs. David Lydig, R. W. Ransom, Miss S. E. Herd, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Valentine, John Balkville and wife, J. B. Kearney, Mrs. Spaulding, Miss Post, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Wilcox, May Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Kip, A. Jacobi, L. M. Ogden, Miss Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Burnett, Mrs. Frank Sherman, Miss Laura Tailer, Noble Thompson, H. J. Beach, J. E. Keeler, Misses Josephine and Milanie Strong, A. V. Stebbins, Mrs. Oswald Jackson and family, R. H. Grover, W. F. Preston, Mrs. Geo. H. Palmer, Miss Ryder, James Harri-man and family, R. B. Martin, F. V. S. Crosby, H. G. Noyes and wife. From Philadelphia—Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Baugh, Joseph Lea, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fraley, W. M. Wesivall and wife, Mrs. Chas. Emory, Miss Isabel Emory, Miss Nettie Collady. Mrs. Collady, Miss Finney, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. James W. Cooke, Robt. Adams, Jr., Miss Anna B. Ellison, Mr. F. Fotterall and family. From Boston—Mrs. S. G. Glover, Miss Page, John G. Stearns, W. M. Aiken, Dr. and Mrs. James Chadwick, Miss Lyman, J. C. Warren, James White, P. J. Byrne, Mrs. G. A. Meyers. From Chicago—Calvin Cobb and wife, H. K. Buel and wife, J. Macklean, Jr., Miss Drummond. From elsewhere—E. McPherson, Tuscon, Arz.; Chas. A. Tinne-

wall, St. Louis; Chas. D. Beckwith and family, Paterson, N. J.; R. B. Cole, Florida; Francis Fontaine, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. H. Bauch and wife, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Jos. Thornton, Liverpool; Geo. P. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Phelps, Albany; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie.

NORTH LENOX.

Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Mattoon spent a week at the seaside recently.

Mr. D. P. Congden and Patrick Hines were thrown from their wagon while returning from Mr. Congden's father's, on the evening of August 8th, where they had been at work; Mr. Congden's right arm was broken above the elbow, but Mr. Hines was only slightly bruised.

Sheriff Cutting, of Lee, made a raid on the place of Mrs. James McGuire, on the afternoon of Sunday, August 26th, and succeeded in capturing a quantity of liquor and proving illegal sale. There were a number of persons in the place at the time, all of whom denied buying any liquor. If Mr. Cutting succeeds in breaking up this Sunday resort he will do that which will entitle him to credit and gain him the thanks of the temperate and law abiding citizens of this vicinity.

[FOR THE ECHO.]

WHY THEY DIDN'T COME.

Now that our hotels and private houses are filled with guests and no one will feel hurt if we mention it, we will say that there have been persons who have applied for rooms here and were not suited. What? Who? For what reasons? Don't be in a hurry and we'll tell you, and perhaps Lenox is not what it is cracked up to be after all. The first applicant was a maiden lady who wanted a nice, large and airy room in a private house, was directed to one, looked it over, declared it delightful, the scenery from its windows beautiful, thought the walks about town charming and lastly asked the price. On being told that it was \$20 per week she became suddenly afraid that the room was not well ventilated, that our nights were too damp and chilly, that malaria was fast creeping up the hill, and finally concluded that she would engage her old rooms in B——, which meant that she would write to her married sister who was keeping house in the country.

Soon after this there came to town a clergyman and family. He wanted a furnished house, looked over two or three, and finally found one that suited him exactly. Situation, scenery, surroundings and all were perfection. He admired the hills, praised the views and asked the price of the house—\$600 for three months. About that time he wanted to know how many people there were here in the summer and became morally certain that this place was not quiet enough for him, was afraid that our air was too bracing, had heard that we had some very hot weather and a good many thunder showers, and went away, not to be heard from again until his church voted to pay his vacation expenses, when he wrote to Lenox and was so sorry to find the charming cottage engaged, as it was the only place he had found which suited him in every respect.

Then there was that Boston drummer, who came late and wanted board for himself and wife at the hotel. O yes, they could board him and get him a room in a private house. "Beautiful place," he remarked, "splendid drives, good fishing, fine scenery and healthy air. How much are the room and board a week? He was told that the room would be \$10 and board \$40. "Ahem," said the drummer as he thought of his twenty-five dollars per week salary, "I am undecided between this place and Newport, will telegraph you from Pittsfield to-morrow if I decide to come here." When last heard from he had engaged board in Otis.

And, oh, there was one more, but his class are so rare I had forgotten him. He was a business man and wanted a room for a month or so. "Twenty-five dollars per week? I can't afford it. I won't pay it. I can get board in Saratoga for that. Give me a ticket for New York."

Persons who, like the latter, don't come here because of the expense, are few, but those who find fault with our air and our walks, think it too dull or too gay, too quiet or too noisy, call the scenery tame and landscape monotonous, are not infrequent, and yet the summer visitors increase year by year, and those who are not suited are never missed.

THE HAWTHORNE LETTERS.

LENOX, March 10, 1851.

DEAR ZACH: You will wonder what this piece of tape means. The fact is, I want you to get me a pair of pantaloons, either at Oak Hall or Smith's,

or any other cheap clothing establishment that you think proper. The piece of tape is the precise length of the last pair that John Earle made me, from waistband downwards. I have likewise marked the measurement round the waist and round the thigh, so that I think you will be able to suit me. Be sure and have them large enough and any other defect is of less consequence. They will answer well enough if not quite so high in the waistband, but it will not do to diminish them in girth. As for the material, let it be of some dark, stout cloth, suited to the gravity of my character; it need not be black, though that would be no objection. I would rather not have them blue. I leave the price to your judgment. Also, I should like a vest, not of an over-glaring pattern, but grave and respectable, like the pants. Also, a pair of Deloen's three-dollar boots, for I can find none hereabouts for twice the money that will last half as long. I usually wear No. 9, but, to make sure that they will fit, you had better get No. 10. If you will do me the favor to buy these things and send them to Dr. P——, and will notify me of the cost, I will either send the money or a draft on my publisher. I want these clothes for country wear, and it would be nonsense to go to the expense of John Earle's prices for such a purpose. Dr. P—— will be sending me a box in the course of a week or more, in which the articles may be included.

I asked my publisher to send eight copies of "The House of the Seven Gables" to your care. I suppose it will be out about the 20th. Please to present one to Mrs. Burchmore, though she will care nothing about it, nor you, either. I should like to have the rest distributed as follows: Two to the care of John D——. One to David R——. One to P——. One to that detested C——. One to Dr. B——. One to E. F. M. I likewise request the publishers to put a copy of the portrait into each of the books, although it is not intended to be sold with this work. If they should not do so, I will take some other method of sending you one.

Excuse me for giving you so much trouble; if you have any commands in this quarter, I shall be most happy to attend to them.

* * * * *

I long to see, and confidently hope to do so in June.

With my best respects to the Captain, and regards to Mrs. Burchmore,

Truly yours in haste,
(Signed)

NATHL. HAWTHORNE.
—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

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